

# The Musical World.

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## ENGLISH OPERA AT DRURY-LANE.

We have, within the last fortnight, received numerous letters from subscribers, soliciting further information on this all-absorbing topic. Will there be, or will there not be, an English Opera at Drury-Lane? is the universal cry. To this question, at present, we are unable to return a satisfactory response. Matters are not yet definitely arranged between Mr. Smith and Mr. Case. There is still a difference. As the affair has been explained to us, we understand it as follows:—Some months since, Mr. Case took the theatre from Mr. Smith, for the production of English Operas, four times a week, to commence about the middle of February, with the understanding that Mr. Case should, up to the 20th of January, have the option of retaining the two off-nights, by paying half the terms of the regular nights, if only used for rehearsals, or adding them to the regular nights of performance, on the same terms. Shortly afterwards, Mr. Smith thought he had found an Edmund Kean, or a Macready, in Gustavus Vasa Brooke: anxious to attain, quickly as possible, the fortune which that prodigious actor would inevitably bring him, he was desirous of securing his assistance for those two nights, about which Mr. Case had not decided, or was not called upon to decide. Mr. Smith wrote to Mr. Case, requesting to be informed what four nights he would select for his operas, that he might arrange with the great Gustavus, about the other two. Mr. Case answered he was not bound to name any nights whatever; whereupon Mr. Smith retorted, he should fix his two nights; upon which Mr. Case replied he would abide by his bond; to the which Mr. Smith returned, that his solicitor lived in Bond Street, or something to that effect; whereby, to make use of a nautical phrase, "all good-fellowship went by the board." If this statement be true, Mr. Smith is both logically and ethically wrong. There may be some flaw in the agreement, or some quibble in the wording, and Mr. Smith may, having possession, hold his theatre; but certainly, to common appreciation, Mr. Case would seem to have the best of the case. True, we have not heard Mr. Smith's account of the transaction, and are bound to pause before pronouncing our decided opinion one way or the other; nevertheless, as the explanation did not come to us from any partizan of Mr. Case, we confess to placing some reliance on what we have just stated. If our statement be correct, we repeat, Mr. Smith is logically and ethically wrong.

But, if our statement be well grounded, Mr. Smith is more than logically and ethically wrong. He is speculatively wrong. Never did manager fall into a graver error, than in imagining it

were possible to force Mr. Gustavus Vasa Brooke upon the London audience as a great and original actor. Mr. Gustavus Vasa Brooke possesses neither greatness nor originality. He is at best a third-rate actor of moderate pretensions; and cannot compete with many of our living actors, though none of them are first-rate. We grant that Mr. Brooke has been forced into a certain position; but it has been by exorbitant and unceasing puffing, and by the venality or ignorance of a part—the lesser part—of the press. This is a position Mr. Brooke cannot hope to maintain in his next engagement. There is a Scottish proverb which runs, "He that cheats me once, shame fa' him; he that cheats me twice, shame fa' me;" and we believe the metropolitan public are too sensitive to be taken in a second time. Let Mr. Smith look to it in time. If, through his instrumentality, the English Opera at Drury-Lane be knocked on the head, and Mr. Brooke set up in its place, he will do himself no service. Were even Mr. Brooke a first-rate tragedian, there is nobody to support him. An indifferent actor and no support would, therefore, be, on the English boards, but a snare, a mockery, and a delusion. Macready, the greatest artist of his day, with a company which included all the acknowledged talent, metropolitan and provincial, could hardly meet his expenses at Drury Lane. Can Messrs. Smith and Brooke, therefore, double-handed, accomplish a success, which Macready and his regiment of sterling artists failed to obtain? We shall not believe it when we see it.

But, notwithstanding all our information, we hope that an arrangement will be entered into between Messrs. Smith and Case. It would be well for all parties it should be so—well for Mr. Smith, well for Mr. Case, well for the British artists generally, well for Drury-Lane, and excellent well for the public; who, we believe, in the establishment of an English Opera at Drury-Lane, with such materials as Mr. Case has provided, would enjoy a rare and admirable entertainment.

## WEDNESDAY EVENING CONCERTS.

The third concert of the second series came off on Wednesday week. The attendance showed a considerable falling off from the preceding concert; this must be partly attributed to the state of the weather, but mainly to the lack of interest in the programme. The selection from *Guillaume Tell* looked the most attractive feature on the bill of fare; but turned out most unsatisfactory. The "Selection" consisted of the overture, Matilda's catavina, "Sombre Foret," and the quartet in the first act, of which the Fisherman's barcarolle forms the

opening—a select selection. Moreover, the recitative to “Sombre Foret,” one of the most splendid “bits” in the opera, was omitted; nor did the overture go altogether as well as might be desired. It certainly obtained an encore, but ——. The quartet, sung by the Misses Brougham and the Messrs. Perren and Weiss, would have gone better for a little more preparation. Mr. Perren has a nice little voice, a nice little style, and a nice little method. In short, everything is nice and little about him. He sang the *barcarolle* nicely and littlely. It would have told better, however, in a nice little theatre, like the Olympic or the Soho. The Misses Brougham found themselves somewhat out of their element in *Guillaume Tell*; besides which, they had only one rehearsal.

A Selection from Benedict's operatic music was much better rendered, and much better relished. It commenced with the overture to the *Minnesinger*, spiritedly played, and finished with the grand march from the *Crusaders*, brilliantly executed. Songs from the *Brides of Venice*, the *Gipsy's Warning*, &c., were included in the selection. We have not the programme before us, and must be excused if we cannot recall every item. “My home is in the Peasant's Cot,” was most delightfully given by Miss Stabbach, who promises to become one of our very best concert singers. We remember hearing Miss Lascelles singing “By the sad sea waves,” with a good contralto voice, clear enunciation, generated expression. Miss Lascelles' remembrance, that too much expression is as reprehensible as too little. Avoid the present leaning towards that vicious style, whatever may be told you; and, would you require some standard to go by, take Alboni for a model. Mr. Perren also sang a song of Mr. Benedict's, in his usual nice, bottled-up little manner. Madame Amedei had previously sung the contralto scena, “Elena, O tu,” from the *Donna del lago*. Her magnificent voice hung fire a little on this occasion. Madame de Barry played a concertino of Benedict's with considerable effect. This lady, though she had previously performed at Miss Dolby's *Soirées*, and other places, may be considered a *debutante*. She has a firm, nervous touch, and executes with great precision and neatness. Madame de Barry's success was decided.

The great *coup* of the evening, however, was intended to be the new Turkish March by Rossini, which was underlined in the bills in large and significant type, and for which two special brass bands were said to have been engaged. The two special bands turned out to be three trombones, two trumpets, and an ophicleide; and the March itself proved to be an entire disappointment to the admirers of the Swan of Pesaro. Poor Rossini, when at the request of Donizetti's brother, he composed the said March for the Sublime Porte—doubtless over his sublime flask of claret—never contemplated having his latest composition dragged into Exeter Hall, to be rough-handled by the licensed critics of the London Press; but wrote for a far different purpose. Now, viewing the March as a Turkish Slow March, it is a good March of its

steps and bars, and will, no doubt, be eagerly sought after by military bands, to whom, in the present dearth of novelty, it cannot fail to prove a decided god-send, and for whom it is specially designed and adapted. Furthermore, the March is likely to obtain popularity from another quarter. Mr. Benedict has written a fantasia upon it, which Miss Arabella Goddard is announced to play during her forthcoming tour in the provinces. Let us add, *en passant*, that we have heard Mr. Benedict's fantasia, that it is most brilliantly written, and that, executed by the brilliant fingers of Miss Arabella Goddard, it will be hard indeed if it fail in achieving a brilliant success.

We did not wait for the second part, having business important to attend to elsewhere. We must therefore be excused from entering into particulars.

In the second part Madame Amedei sang “Una voce,” and Miss Annie de Lara, the very young lady—Mr. French Flowers' pupil—of whose extraordinary voice we expressed our opinion some time since, introduced the favourite contralto song from *Maria di Rohan*, and a comic song by Curschmann, called “Little Jack.” Of the young lady's singing, therefore, on this occasion, we can say nothing. On the next occasion we shall hear her, and be enabled to say something. Miss Chipp also sang, as did Mr. Perren and Mr. Weiss, and one or two others, to whom we must tender our apology for not noticing them.

Mr. Benedict conducted the first part, and Herr Lutz the second.

#### JULLIEN: A SKETCH FROM THE LIFE.

BY JOHN ROSS DIX.

Years ago, as some of our readers, perchance, may remember, we published a sketch of Paganini, Emperor of all the Fiddlers. One or two friends have requested “a crack of the old whip” in the shape of a companion picture of Jullien, Czar of all the Conductors. Willingly we take up our pen and commence an outline.

Many times have we looked upon M. Jullien. Evening after evening have we passed in the Drury-Lane Theatre, when he stood “monarch of all he surveyed” in the midst of his magnificent troupe of instrumentalists, and never did we tire of listening to his spirit-stirring compositions. Those “Seasons” were wont to wind up with a *Bal Masqué*, and many an American visitor to London will remember the scene of fun, frolic, and festivity which was presented on such occasions.

And now, here we are in the Boston Music Hall, to look on our old favourite once more; for his fame has flown before him; and the musical *quidnuncs* of the city are anxious to hear whether common rumour has, in this case, turned out to be a “common liar.” Patience, ladies and gentlemen,—you will be satisfied ere long that the lady of a hundred tongues has, for once, adhered to truth.

It is half-past seven o'clock, and the Hall is about two-thirds filled; the dollar ticket has kept many away, doubtless, and perhaps it would have been more politic in Jullien to have fixed a lower price; but that is *his* business. Those who are present are on the tip-toe of expectation, for his portraits in the music-shop windows—and music-sheets with the

American flag gaudily displayed thereon—and “authentic” accounts of Jullien's early life and times, and of the desperate duel he once fought—have all together excited much curiosity respecting the hero of Schottisch and Quadrille. Then his very name is musical, and young ladies lisp it lovingly to their enamoured beaux, who wish in their hearts that they had been equally fortunate, and are quite indignant at their parents for having bestowed on them the unromantic appellations of Hiram W. Hinks or Jabez J. Timmins.

One by one the members of the Orchestra make their appearance. The sudden rise of innumerable jets of gas reveals an amazing number of beards and mustachios—all these gentlemen might be known to be musicians had you met them at the North Pole. A discriminating eye could have told upon what instrument any one of the gentlemen played. The bassoon had a grave and solemn look, and the buccinator muscles were particularly well developed, presenting a striking contrast to the flute, who had pinched-up lips and drooping upper eye-lids. The cornet-a-piston was florid, and rather red about the whites of the eyes; and the violins, (“who were in great force,”) had each of them a shaky sort of air. The drum was remarkably pompous; and the piccolos volatile and flighty. As for the violoncello, he looked like a grumbler, and the oboe reminded one of Byron's “deep-mouthed Boeotian.”

The tuning of an orchestra is by no means a delightful subject either to listen to or to write about—so we shall not attempt a description thereof. Indeed we have no time, for the clock strikes eight, and the audience are becoming impatient.

Suddenly a lightly built (?) but symmetrical figure makes its appearance on the platform, and the owner of it cannot be mistaken. As he glides gracefully towards the little raised scarlet-covered platform, on which stands a chair of crimson velvet and gold, and a gilded music-stand, he takes little or no notice whatever of the applause which greets him. But once on his throne, he makes a slight obeisance, and then casts a glance over his musical realm.

Yes! there stands Jullien, in faultless coat, irreproachable shirt-bosom, immaculate wristbands, unexceptionable trousers, and glistening little boots. From the curls of his head to the sole of his patent leathers, it is Jullien all over; “none but himself could be his parallel.” He is, as we heard a lady near us say, “a duck,” though, considering his musical predilections, we should have imagined him to be a rather more musical kind of bird. There is nothing of the “quack” about our conductor, who now lifts his white wand and taps lightly on his music-stand.

Every one is on the *qui vive* now—audience as well as orchestra. The eyes of each musician are fixed upon their great chief, who, with bland and beaming face takes a final glance to assure himself that all is right. The bows of the fiddles are half raised, and slope over the nicely tuned strings. The man at the big drum grasps with one hand the stick, and in the other holds a cymbal; the cornet-à-piston nears Herr Koenig's lips, the bass viols erect their ponderous proportions. The oboe gives symptoms of volcanic action, and the trumpets prepare for a decided “flare-up.” As for the flutes and clarionets, they seem to know that they are about to recover their wind and get ready for flourishes and cadenzas. In a word, it only requires a wave of the magic wand of Jullien to awaken those enchanted instruments into life and beauty.

Mark you, how calm, how self-assured the great man appears. Not a fear has he—not the most distant idea of discord! He knows his men, and they won't make a mistake! As soon would Jullien believe that the planetary system

would become deranged during the next half-hour, as that Koenig or Lavigne or any of the others would play a false note. No, no! he has little fear of such a catastrophe. One more look, and now he rests the tips of his gloved fingers on the music-stand, bends the left knee, artistically points the right toe, and raises his *bâton*, as if it had been the wand of an enchanter; the effect is—A CRASH!

A crash of music, not chaotic or fragmentary, but a crash of harmony. Suddenly the white wand gently waves, and the left hand moves over the rippled waters of melody. And now the flutes warble deliciously, the strain being continued by the cornet-a-piston, which after “loosening the chords in a silver shower,” utters a sound “so fine that nothing lives ’twixt it and silence.” Now a look sets the host of violin bows into frantic paroxysms of sound, and the bassoon grumbles at a look from the master. A glance upward is a signal for the drum, which thunders a recognition, and the cymbals clash sympathetically. Faster and faster waves the wand, and as Jullien's curls tremble with excitement—for he is excited now—the harmony swells, and deepens, and the whole orchestra is in motion. From a seeming momentary confusion, comes the air of a national piece, and “Hail to the Chief” elicits a burst of applause. Scarcely is it ended before “The Star-spangled Banner” renews the testimonials of delight, and on goes Jullien, conquering and to conquer. The audience become almost frantic as the guns boom, without as well as within the Hall, and, not being, as the *Home Journal* has it, “tied with strong ropes,” they leap to their feet, and cheer, and stamp, and wave hats and handkerchiefs. The enthusiasm is prodigious, and when it is at its height, a shout bursts from the lips of the musicians themselves, which is echoed by all present, and amidst a hurricane of cheers Jullien flings himself gracefully in his gilded chair and enjoys his triumph.

But he is forced to rise, and at an *encore*, “Hail Columbia!” is pealed forth at the intimation of his wand. The excitement is now greater than ever, and all own the power of the great conductor. Shrewd fellow! he has tickled the national vanity; and as he once more takes his seat, a smile of intense satisfaction plays over his broad, pleasing face, and well chiselled features. The ladies look lovingly at him, and some pronounce him irresistible, whilst the men declare him to be “a brick!”

There, dear reader, we have, as well as we were able, touched off our musical friend for your especial benefit. If you doubt the accuracy of the sketch, out with your dollar, and go and see for yourself.

#### HUMMEL, AND HIS WORKS.

(From M. Fétis's *Biographie Universelle*.)

Johann Nepomuk Hummel, the great composer and pianist, was born at Presburg, on the 14th of November, 1778, where his father was music master in the Military School of Wartberg. At the age of four he learned to play the violin, but without evincing a decided bias for music. The next year he began to take lessons in singing and on the piano; from that time his faculties were rapidly developed: in a single year he acquired remarkable skill for a child. At this period, his father removed with him to Vienna, and became *chef-d'orchestre* in Schikaneder's theatre, where the little Hummel, scarcely seven years old, attracted the attention of Mozart and the other distinguished artists. Mozart, in spite of his repugnance to giving lessons, offered to take charge of the boy's musical education, provided he would live with him, and be always near him. Of course the proposition was gratefully accepted. With such a master, the boy made prodigious progress in two years. At nine, he excited the admiration of all who heard him.

His father then thought to turn his precocious talent to ac-



count, and they travelled together through Germany, Denmark, Scotland. His first public appearance was in a concert at Dresden, 1787; next he played before the court at Cassel. At Edinburgh, the child pianist created great enthusiasm; there he published his first work, a theme with variations, dedicated to the Queen of England. After spending the years 1791 and 1792 in London, he visited Holland, and returned to Vienna after six years' absence.

He was then fifteen years old, and his execution could already be considered the most correct and brilliant of the German school; meanwhile his studies became more serious than before. His father, who was excessively severe, exacted incessant labour from him; and when he had become a man and famous artist, he was still subject to his will. At Vienna, he studied harmony, accompaniment, and counterpoint with Albrechtsberger, and formed a friendship with Salieri, who gave him hints about singing and the dramatic style. In 1803, he entered the service of Prince Esterhazy, and composed his first mass, which won the approbation of Haydn. About the same time, he wrote ballets and operas for the theatres of Vienna, which were favourably received. Hummel was now twenty-eight years old; his works, especially his instrumental music, and fine talent for execution, had rendered him famous in Germany; but his name was absolutely unknown in France, until the year 1806, when Cherubini carried home from Vienna his grand fantasia in E flat, (Op. 18,) which was executed at the *concerts* of the Conservatory that same year, and, although only understood by artists, it so raised his reputation in Paris that all the pianists sought his works.

In 1811, Hummel left the service of Prince Esterhazy, and, until 1816, had no other employment than that of professor of the piano, at Vienna. Then for four years he held the place of chapel-master to the King of Wurtemberg, and then entered the service of the Grand-Duke of Weimar, in the same capacity. Two years afterwards he obtained leave of absence to make a pedestrian tour in Russia. St. Petersburg and Moscow gave him the most brilliant reception. In 1823, he went through Holland and Belgium, and finally to Paris, where his success was worthy of his talent. His improvisations on the piano excited the liveliest admiration. Returning to Weimar, he did not leave that place until 1827, when he heard of the approaching end of Beethoven, between whom and himself there had been some unpleasant differences. He hastened to the bedside of the dying artist, and could not repress his tears; Beethoven reached out his hand to him, they embraced, and all was forgotten.

Two years afterwards, Hummel again visited Paris and London; but his playing did not produce the same sensation as before; pianists noticed the approach of age and a certain timidity of execution in his performance. After a journey to Poland, he passed the remainder of his days peacefully at Weimar. He died on the 17th of October, 1827, at the age of fifty-nine.

Hummel was equally distinguished as a performer, (on the piano), an improvisator, and a composer. In execution, continuing the mixed school of Mozart, improved by the regular principles of mechanism which he learned of Clementi during his two years in London, he became himself the founder of a new German school, in which many celebrated artists have been formed. The epoch of Hummel among the German pianists was a real epoch of progress and of transformation. Greater difficulties have been conquered, greater power and severity of tone have been produced in piano-playing since his time; but no one has gone beyond him in purity, regularity, and correctness of execution, in raciness of touch, in colouring and expression. His execution was less the result of a desire to display prodigious skill, than the attempt to express a thought continually musical. This thought, always complete, manifested itself under his hands with all the advantages of grace, delicacy, depth, and expression.

In his improvisations, Hummel had such power of fixing and giving regular form to his fugitive ideas and inspirations, that he seemed to be executing premeditated compositions. And yet there was nothing cold or mechanical about it; the ideas were so felicitous, the manner so charming, the details so elegant, that his audience was lost in admiration.

Hummel's very remarkable productions, especially in the sphere of instrumental composition, have placed him in the first rank of

distinguished composers of the nineteenth century; doubtless, his fame would have been still greater, had he not been the contemporary of Beethoven. The general opinion has hardly estimated his best works highly enough. His great septuor in D minor, (Op. 74,) his quintet for piano, (Op. 87,) his concerto in A minor, (Op. 85,) in B minor, (Op. 89,) in E major, (Op. 110,) and in A flat, (Op. 113;) some of his trios for piano, violin, and violoncello; and the grand sonata for piano with four hands, (Op. 92,) are works of a finished beauty, where all the qualities of the art of writing are united with noble or with elegant and graceful thoughts. But these qualities, beautiful and estimable as they are, cannot compete against those outbursts of genius, those original and overpowering conceptions of Beethoven. A fine composition of Hummel leaves in the mind the idea of perfection; but the pleasure which it causes never amounts to frenzy. Had Beethoven come a quarter of a century later, he would have left to Hummel the undisputed glory of being the first instrumental composer of his age. In the dramatic style and in church music, Hummel also holds a high rank, though his works in these departments are not marked by any very distinctive quality.

The works of this celebrated artist may be classed as follows:—

I. *Dramatic Music*.—1. "*Le Vicende d'Amore*," opera buffa in two acts. 2. "*Mathilde de Guise*," opera in three acts. 3. "*Das Haus ist zu verkaufen*," in one act. 4. "*Die Rückfahrt des Kaisers*," in one act. 5. "*Eloge de l'Amitié*," cantata with choruses. 6. "*Diana et Endimione*," an Italian cantata with orchestra. 7. "*Hélène et Paris*," ballet. 8. "*Sappho de Mytilène*," ditto. 9. "*Le Tableau parlant*," ditto. 10. "*L'Anneau Magique*," pantomime, with singing and dances. 11. "*Le Combat Magique*," ditto.

II. *Church Music*.—1. Mass for four voices, with orchestra and organ, in B flat, (Op. 77.) 2. Second Mass in B flat, (Op. 80.) 3. Third Mass, in D, (Op. 111.) 4. Gradual, (*Quodquid in orbe*), for four voices, orchestra, and organ, (Op. 88.) 5. Offertory, (*Alma Virgo*), for soprano solo, chorus, orchestra, and organ, (Op. 89.)

III. *Instrumental Music*.—1. Overture for grand orchestra, in B flat, (Op. 101.) 2. Three string quartets, (Op. 30.) 3 and 4. Grand Serenade, for piano, violin, guitar, clarinet, and bassoon, Nos. I. and II. (Op. 63 and 66.) 5. Grand Septuor, in D minor, for piano, flute, oboe, horn, alto, violoncello, and double bass, (Op. 87.) 7. Grand Military Septuor, in C, for piano, flute, violin, clarinet, trumpet, and double-bass, (Op. 114.) 8. Symphony Concertante, for piano and violin, (Op. 17.) 9. Concerto for piano, in C, (Op. 34.) 10. Easy Concerto for piano, in G, (Op. 73.) 11. Third Concerto in A minor, (Op. 85.) 12. Fourth Concerto, in B minor, (Op. 89.) 13. "*Les Adieux*," Fifth Concerto in E major, (Op. 110.) 14. Sixth Concerto in A flat, (Op. 113.) 15. Brilliant Rondos for piano and orchestra, (Op. 56, 98, and 117.) 16. *Thèmes Variés* for piano and orchestra, (Op. 97, 115.) 17. "*Le Cor enchanté d'Obéron*," grand fantasia for piano and orchestra, in E major, (Op. 116.) 18. Trios for piano, violin, and violoncello, (Op. 12, 22, 35, 95, 83, 93, 66.) 19. Sonatas for piano and violin, (Op. 5, 19, 25, 28, 37, 50, 64, 104.) 20. Sonatas for piano with 4 hands, (Op. 43, 92, 99.) 21. Sonatas for piano alone, (Op. 13, 20, 36, 81, 106.) 22. Detached pieces for piano solo, viz.:—3 Fugues, (Op. 7;) Rondos, (Op. 11, 19, 107, 109;) fantasias, (Op. 18, 123, 124;) *Études* and *Caprices*, (Op. 49, 67, 105, 125;) Variations, (Op. 1, 2, 8, 9, 40, 57, 118, 119, &c.) 23. Complete Method, theoretic and practical, for the piano.

#### ITALIAN OPERA IN EDINBURGH.

(From the Edinburgh Advertiser.)

THE Theatre Royal presented a splendid appearance on Friday evening, graced with as brilliant an audience as ever assembled within its walls, the general effect being materially assisted by recent improvements, and the comfortable aspect of the house greatly aided by the new draperies. Ere the commencement of the opera, the Queen's Anthem was played, with an amount of instrumental power we never recollect hearing within that house on any former occasion.

The work selected for the opening representation was *La Sonnambula*, in compliance with a generally expressed wish on the part of the subscribers. The cast was as follows:—Count Rodolfo, Signor Mancusi; Teresa, Signora Chierici; Elvino, Signor Bettini; Lisa, Signora Anglos; Alessio, Signor Gregorio; Amina, Madlle. Crespi. Madlle. Crespi is a young lady of prepossessing appearance—handsome, with an expression of feature, look, and action that tells largely in her favour. Madlle. Crespi's voice is a high soprano, of considerable range and power; but of the flexibility and cultivation it would, at present, be premature to judge. Throughout the piece, her acting gave evidence of considerable dramatic feeling. Mademoiselle Crespi made her first essay in *Sonnambula* on the above evening; she acquitted herself most creditably. In her desire to meet the wishes of the subscribers, she threw aside all consideration of self, and obligingly consented to make her *debut* in a piece she had never hitherto attempted. We cannot say she acted wisely in doing so. Bettini's personation of Elvino was graceful and gentlemanly in demeanour, and his efforts throughout the whole piece were highly successful. Count Rodolfo was played by Signor Mancusi. He has a baritone voice of good quality. His delivery of the aria "Vi Ravviso" was very acceptable; but a little less action, while executing expressive passages, would prove more pleasing. The minor characters of Lisa, Teresa, and Alessio, were personated by the respective performers above-mentioned, so as to contribute to the general effect; while the performance of the orchestra and chorus was more than could reasonably be expected, under all the disadvantages incident to an opening night.

*Norma* constituted the performance of last night, and was most successfully gone through. Bellini's *chef d'œuvre* afforded scope for developing the resources of the operatic corps, and the high talent enlisted in it, the cast being as follows, viz.:—Pollione, Herr Reichardt; Orovoso, Herr Fornes; Norma, Madame Caradori; Adalgisa, Madame Zimmerman; Clotilda, Signora Chierici; Flavio, Signor Munetto. Fornes, in his make-up as the high-priest of the Druids, was quite a picture, his large square form lending an imposing effect to the simplicity and grandeur of his costume. In the opening chorus, "Dell'aura tua profetica," his tremendous organ towered above the united strength of the orchestra and the body of singers. No less startling and impressive was his delivery of the oration "Guerrieri! a voi venire," and his denunciation of the Roman yoke. Madame Caradori's Norma was, in all respects, a finished impersonation, either as regards high dramatic talent or execution from a vocalist. Her voice is delightfully smooth, round, and full, with the most finished execution and correct taste to guide her in her efforts. The lateness of the hour, and the space allowed, will not admit of us enlarging as we could wish on her performances. We shall, therefore, particularise one or two only of her pieces. "Casta Diva," which we have long regarded as the sole property of Grisi, she gave with great effect, and brought down rapturous applause from all parts of the house. Again, in the scene where she discovers the faithlessness of Pollione, the terrible energy of tone, look, and action with which she enunciated the words, "Mi lascia indegno," left an impression on her audience that cannot readily be forgot. In the last scene, ere she is immolated, her clinging to all that was dear to her on earth constituted an exquisite touch of nature, and established her claim to be regarded as a great histrionic as well as vocal *artiste*. Herr Reichardt makes an admirable Roman Proconsul, and looks the gallant soldier to admiration. Of his qualifications as a singer, we expressed ourselves favourably on his *debut* here nearly two years ago. (See *Advertiser*, 17th Feb., 1852.) And we have no reason to change our opinion. He is, beyond doubt, the best German tenor that has yet visited this country, irrespective of his dramatic talent, which is of a high order. His voice is of a peculiar resonant quality, which adapts it to the business of the stage, while his fervour in impassioned strains imparts the tenderness requisite to give effect to low passages. In our next we shall speak of him at more length. With the exception of a passage murdered by some among the brass instruments on the right of the orchestra, everything went well. The scenery was excellent, as also the stage appointments. Ere concluding, we must offer a word in commendation of Signor Orsini's tact and judgment in wielding the conductor's baton.

## DRURY LANE

### THE BAL MASQUÉ.

Mr. Smith made an extraordinary attempt on Monday night to fill up the vacuum left by Jullien in the world of amusements at this period of the year, by presenting the public with a masked ball. Extraordinary as the attempt was—and verily Mr. Smith is entitled to no small praise for his exertions—the *Bal Masqué* of Monday night was anything but a success. In the two grand elements of dancing—light and music—Mr. Smith's ball was, to a certain extent, deficient. Jullien's crystal curtain could have been dispensed with, but its place should have been supplied by chandeliers or lamps. The house, so unsupplied, looked dim and lifeless, and made everything sombre. In the element of music, Monday night's ball was still more wanting. We do not know who Mr. Smith's conductor was, but we cannot afford him any praise for his selection of dance music. Pursuing the very opposite course to Jullien, and, indeed, to all his predecessors, this gentleman had executed under his command dances entirely original. Not a single old or well-known tune did we recognise the whole evening. Those hearty national airs—English, Irish, Scotch, Swiss, French, &c.—that whilom made our feet bound and our hearts jump, lay slumbering in the wood and strings. Even the opera and ballet airs were silent, and one heard their echoes. The dancers went mechanically through their steps, in quadrille, galop, waltz, or polka, appeared exhilarated by no joy—by no impression—by no impulse. There had been honest excuse, had the music been good as well as new. On the contrary, it was bad; or, at least, unsuited to place, time, and purpose; and everybody felt disappointed and complained. Who the composer is we have no knowledge; but we trust we shall never be compelled to hear any more of his dance music. We say composer, for we feel certain, no two men could write with such unflinching dullness for such a length of time.

The general government of the ball-room was highly creditable to Mr. Smith. Had Mr. Smith employed a less economic gasman, and a more politic conductor, there would have been little or no room for complaint. Should Mr. Smith ever indulge the public with a second *Bal Masqué*, let him look to a fresh gasman and a fresh conductor. He will thereby afford his visitors more light, and better music. The decorations were neat and plain, and the refreshment rooms were well served. There was no fault to be found with the stewards, whose neck-cloths were even whiter and more redupant than in the Jullien-and-Gye dynasty.

The ball-room was crowded, as was also the dress-circle and the galleries; but the private boxes showed a lamentable falling off from the last season. On the whole, we cannot compliment Mr. Smith on his first *Bal Masqué*. The direction of Balls is not Mr. Smith's forte. Let him not try his hand again before he obtains a little knowledge and a little instruction. Both would be worth obtaining.

## Original Correspondence.

### ORGANISTS' ASSOCIATION.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Liverpool, Dec., 19th, 1853.

SIR,—I venture to address you upon a subject, which, I trust, will meet with the attention and support of abler hands than mine. I have often lamented and wondered why

steps to assist each other in cases of misfortune or death. We read in the papers, from time to time, that such and such a person has been "cut off," leaving his wife and family destitute, or helpless in straitened circumstances, when, to the least reflecting mind, it will readily appear how such embarrassment might be obviated, by the general body of Organists forming themselves into an Association, for the mutual help and support of their wives and families. This, to me, appears preferable and more consistent with the noble calling of our "divine art," than by wounding the feelings of all sensitive persons, who are unfortunately placed in the position I have mentioned—viz., suffering from the loss of a dear husband, by publicly announcing concerts in behalf of the bereaved persons, and appealing to "adies and gentlemen who are willing to assist the fatherless and widow." Music exercises a powerful influence on the mind and whole character of a man,—it is an expansive application, and why should not its Professors work together for their own good, and the advancement of the science they cultivate. Suppose we, the body of musicians in general, were to form ourselves into an association for the purpose of supporting, or rendering assistance to each other in adverse circumstances, and that a fund should be raised by annual subscriptions, and other means, that may be deemed expedient,—such as an annual performance of music on an unique scale, which would materially augment the funds. Then, indeed, would our noble and "humanizing art" be carrying out, in a legitimate manner, the great object of our benevolence, without wounding, in the slightest degree, its recipients, whose minds ought not to be depressed by anything that could be construed into humiliation. The cathedral singers have a society for the relief of themselves and widows—the commercial body have a very noble institution by which they give, in addition to other benefits, the children of their departed friends an education—other bodies have similar institutions; and why are we, the organists of England, without similar advantages? I have been led into the foregoing observations by the neglected and isolated position of musicians generally—surely something can and ought to be done to amend this,—thereby inculcating the bond of friendship thoroughly amongst us. Perhaps it may be said, there is the "Royal Society of Musicians," therefore why need another association? Without pretending to know fully the advantages of such institution, and without meaning any offence, who has not heard of its exclusiveness? the blackballing of persons from no other apparent motive, than that of jealousy and narrow-mindedness? Any society to be of general value, must banish these ingredients of discord from its regulations; therefore I would not advise "any tail," to have utter controul of the association. I have proposed—leave it open to the *humblest Professor*, let every musician be eligible,—organist or vocalist, &c., on paying his entrance fee and annual subscription; then should we, as a body, have a society of our own, that would tend to soothe the sorrows and cares of a deathbed, by knowing that those left behind are in a measure cared and provided for. I know how difficult it is to put such a scheme as I propose on a footing, and not less so to state its bearings on paper; but I feel confident, that if a preparatory meeting was held by musicians in London, a sufficient number of sympathising brethren residing in the country, would soon be found willing to co-operate, and gladly give their countenance towards carrying out such a philanthropic object. Let our fortunate brethren, I mean those who reap a "golden harvest" by teaching, and likewise those who have desirable opportunities as organists, put their shoulders to the wheel, and assist in carrying a plan out, that could not fail of proving beneficial to their less successful brethren, many of whom are not receiving more than £30 per year, independently, in some cases, of a very slender addition made by the uncertain mode of teaching; therefore, under these disadvantages, it can easily be supposed, what chance a poor professor has of ameliorating his condition, or of laying by to meet any emergency that may arise. I have not presumed to dictate how such a society as I have named is to be governed; that, with other matters, must be left for further consideration. In the meantime, I shall, indeed, be truly glad, if attention is directed towards the object I have been attempting to advocate,—I remain,

Sir, yours obediently,

W. M. R.

#### CHRISTMAS CAROLS AND CHRISTMAS-BOXES.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

MR. EDITOR,—Your lively periodical appears to be read not only by music publishers and professors, but by the "Town Travellers" of the former; for I hear that your correspondence from the country, and my replying, have excited the "ivvace" of all parties, and been productive of much good to each of them. I have now got a word to say upon the subject of what are termed "Christmas-Boxes," and should like to know the origin of the custom upon which this contribution is founded; as well as the present purpose to which the modern gratuity is applied. I know in what way the collections are disposed of by certain gentlemen (?) who, by the time Boxing-day is coming to a close, are themselves nearly unable to explain their particular errand, although they exhibit unmistakable symptoms of *where they have been to*. I think I told you I had never received a *douceur* from others for attending to the interests of my employer; so I have never laid myself under the degrading obligation of accepting a "Christmas Box," or sold the independence or integrity which I hold in trust for those whom I have the honour to represent, to further my own private interests; and I do hope that my brethren will learn another lesson on Tuesday next in regard to the obsolete and unmanly pauperism, so derogatory to their employers, as that of begging for money under the denomination of Christmas-Boxes!

"Yours very faithfully,

QUI COLLIGIT.

#### Foreign.

PARIS.—*Le Prophète* and *Guillaume Tell* were given on Monday and Wednesday last, at the Academie Imperiale de Musique. On Friday, M. Bonnehee, first pupil in the Conservatoire, made his appearance in the part of Alphonse, of the *Favorite*. His success was equal to his most sanguine wishes. His voice is good, well intoned and expressive; and his style pure and elevated. The part was never perhaps better played; and the new aspirant to lyrical honours has every quality necessary for success, proper regard being paid to the production of certain stage effects which cannot be overlooked with impunity. We may instance the close of the famous romance "Pour tant d'amour." Roger, in the part of Fernande, sang with his accustomed taste and dramatic feeling. Madame Tedesco was as usual excellent.—On Sunday last, the Emperor and Empress were present at the performance of *Haydée*, at the Opera Comique.—M<sup>me</sup>. Wertheimer intends giving a concert at Rouen, for the benefit of the *crèches*, (cradles constructed in churches representing the nativity of our Lord.) She will sing several pieces of the opera repertory, and amongst the number the great air of *La Favorite*.—The Italian Opera has been giving *Norma* and *Lucia*. M<sup>lle</sup>. Parodi and M<sup>lle</sup>. Cambardi made a favourable impression as *Norma* and *Adalgisa*; but Ceresa, the new tenor, was scarcely up to the mark. Not that he wants voice; but he does not know how to make the most of it, and his gestures are, unfortunately, as bad as his singing. *Lucia* was a much better affair, and may be considered as one of the best nights of the season. Madame Frezzolini was first-rate; she was called before the curtain several times after the third act, and received a shower of bouquets and a crown of gold. Gardoni shared in her triumph, and evinced remarkable talent in the part of Edgardo. Both his acting and singing showed decided progress. Graziani, who appeared for the first time in the part of Ashton, has a good barytone voice; although he has been only one year on the stage, he may be considered as a very useful artiste; and we doubt not that he will make further progress.—Last Sunday, the thirty-eighth grand concert of the *Menestrel* took place in the Jardin d'hiver, for the benefit of the Society of Musicians. One of



the great features of the concert was "La Marche aux flambeaux," by Meyerbeer, performed by the Harmonic Society Orchestre-Sax, under the direction of M. Mohr. The "Benediction of the Poinards," from the *Huguenots*, was also given with great success, as well as the overture to *Zampa*. The vocal part consisted of the Choral Society of the Conservatoire, Madlle. Nau, Chapuis of the opera, Euzet, and Madlle. Dobie. Two young English ladies, Sophie and Isabella Dulcken, also lent their services, and were warmly applauded in a grand fantasia on airs from *Robert le Diable*.—All the German papers are agreed in testifying to the increasing success of Berlioz and his works at Leipsic. The enthusiasm is quite equal to that displayed at Brunswick and Hanover.—On his road to Strasbourg, Emile Prudent stopped at Rheims, Sedan, Châlons, Charleville, Espernay, and Metz; he gave in all, nine concerts, the second of which was held in the theatre, which was crowded in every part. His success was immense. The society formed by M. Roqueplan for the Imperial Academy of Music, has been dissolved.—Boieldieu's widow has just died in Paris, where she was born in 1785. She made her *débüt* at the Opera Comique at the age of fifteen. Not having obtained the success which she expected, she went to Russia in 1801, where she was well received; and, after a certain number of years, obtained a pension. It was after her return to Paris that she married the celebrated composer.

BERLIN.—From the 5th to the 11th December the Royal Theatre has produced *Le Lac des Fées*, *La Muette*, and *Le Prophète*. The Academy has given Handel's *Alexander's Feast*.

VIENNA.—On the 8th, Vieuxtemps gave his first concert.

KÖNIGSBERG.—*Indra*, by Flotow, has been played four times, with increasing success; *La Muette* four times; next, *Fra Diavolo*, and next—next, *Le Tannhäuser*, by Wagner.

BARCELONA.—M. Andrei, ancient director of the music of Ferdinand VII., died on the 2nd, at the age of sixty-eight.

Andrei was born at Barcelona, of Italian parents, and devoted himself exclusively to religious music. Three of his works have obtained considerable celebrity in Spain as well as in Italy: a *Stabat*, a *Requiem*, and an oratorio, entitled *The Last Judgment*.

### Dramatic.

ROYAL SOHO THEATRE.—The performances at this little theatre appear to be gaining ground with the public; and those who witnessed the acting of the pieces produced last Wednesday evening, by the Members of the "Players" society, will not feel surprised at it. The entertainments commenced with the drama of the *Village Tale*, which was played throughout with great spirit; then followed *Charles the Second*; after which the farce of *Box and Cox*, in which Mr. Harrison as Box, and Mr. Feton as Cox, kept the audience in a roar of laughter from beginning to end. The house was well attended.

### CRYSTAL PALACE GRAND ORGAN.

(From the Preliminary Report of the Directors.)

Having carefully viewed the building, the Committee unanimously recommend the eastern extremity of the transept as the best position for the instrument, supposing it to be placed in the building, and they have prepared the scheme of such an Organ as they think will be of sufficient power and comprehensiveness.

In this scheme they have included all the modern improvements in the Organ; and for the reasons above mentioned, have employed a much greater proportion of reed stops and large pipes than has usually been thought necessary. They have also inserted two stops, commencing with pipes of 64 feet, speaking-length.

Hitherto, the longest pipe employed has been thirty-two feet, sounding two octaves below the lowest note of a violoncello.

The magnitude of this Organ is necessarily very great. The rough drawings which have been prepared for the guidance of the Committee, show that it will occupy an area of 5,400 feet, so that supposing it to be placed at the end of the transept, and to extend from one gallery to the other in width, its depth will be about 50 feet, and its altitude may be about 140 feet from the ground.

The internal structure of such an instrument is divided into stories, like a house, for the convenient support of the sound-boards and pipes. In the present case, the feeders of the bellows must be moved by a small steam-engine, and this, together with the feeders, should be disposed in an underground apartment beneath the organ.

The space beneath the first floor of the organ may thus be entirely disengaged, being only occupied by the pillars required for the support of the organ, and by the wind-trunks.

This portion of the structure should be constructed substantially of stone, iron, or brick, and open on all sides with arches, and will thus form a part of the area of the transept. The pillars may be made hollow so as also to serve for wind-trunks, &c.

The front of the Organ must be, as usual, an ornamental frame containing a select arrangement of pipes, and for the designing of this part, the Committee request that an Architect be appointed to be appointed to confer with them.

In this front the large pipes will necessarily form a prominent and novel feature, from their unusual magnitude. The whole should be designed in a style to correspond in lightness and transparency with the general forms of the surrounding architecture.

The interior of the Organ should be symmetrically arranged, and in such a manner as to show as many of the pipes as possible at one view. The sides and back of the Organ may be constructed, in a great measure, if not wholly, of iron frame-work and glass, and thus spectators in the galleries will be enabled to inspect the interior, and to see the mechanism in action.

It is not advisable to admit visitors in general to the interior of the Organ, because its mechanism and pipes are very liable to derangement; but these must be arranged with every convenience for accessibility, for the purposes of tuning or inspecting the mechanism.

In the present stage of the proceedings any attempt to convey a description of the instrument which it is proposed to erect, so as to enable a just conception of its structure to be formed, would be very premature, inasmuch as the Committee—waiting the sanction of the Directors to their general plan above explained, and the appointment of a builder for the organ, and an architect,—have not yet proceeded to work out the design of the organ in its details. They can only state that their object is to produce an instrument vast in its compass, gigantic, though graceful, in its structure, and so wonderfully deep and various in its tones, as to place it on a vantage ground above all others, and thus hold out a rational expectation that it will at once be unique and noble.

Nor is it unimportant, in a pecuniary point of view, to observe that it will probably, on completion, become highly remunerative. It is stated on good authority, that the Apollonicon realized upwards of £40,000 in a few years, which leads to the belief that the Crystal Palace Organ would be an excellent investment.

It has been shown to your Committee by those well informed on such matters, that celebrated organs have for many years past brought, when sold, as much as they originally cost. It is said that the Haarlem Organ, which cost £10,000, is worth more than that sum, and so with many others.

It is necessary to state, for the information of the Directors, that an organ of the scale required will absorb a sum of £25,000, or more. A detailed estimate, of course, cannot be prepared until exact working drawings and specifications of the proposed instrument have been made. Its construction will probably extend over three years at least; and if carried on with the desirable rapidity, the sums required in the successive years will be, £8,000, £5,000, and £5,000, respectively.

MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS has left town for South Wales, on a visit to Lady Taunton, at Treberfeld Court, Breconshire.

## ON ARABIAN MUSIC.

(From T. H. Tomlinson's *Lectures on Oriental Music*.)

The Arabians are a people who, like all the inhabitants of the east, lay claim to great antiquity; a people to whom chivalry and romance have been so highly indebted in every age, that we may naturally look with curiosity for some traits of poetical feeling in their music. Of their early history, customs, and manners we are ignorant, except that they have always led a wild and roving life, their hand being against every man, and every man against them. We know from themselves, that the Arabs of the desert had, at a period of great antiquity, musical instruments, and names for the different notes, and that they were greatly delighted with melody; but their lutes and pipes were probably very simple, and their music Sir William Jones imagines "to have been little more than a natural and tuneful recitation of their elegiac verses and love songs." "The Arabs excelled, even before the Islam, in poetry and extempore versification," Don Calmet says, "The Arabs had rhyme before the time of Mahomet, who died A.D. 632; and in the second century they used a kind of poetry in measures similar to the Greeks, and set to music;" and before they had attained much knowledge of music or the other arts, and whilst they were only wandering tribes, very far removed from all the arts allied to civilized life, their songs and their music consisted in the cries with which they excited their camels; and the art of their singers, whom they called *Hadi*, that is, *pickers*, was nothing more than savage accents, which might serve instead of a language, to the brutal passions of these feeders of goats and camels.

"After this, they called the modulation of the voice, song. The profane songs are generally in the mode of *Khafif*, i.e., light, to be the more properly accompanied with the sound of the drum and the fife. "At the beginning of Islamism, when religion had begun to soften the boisterous manners of the Bedouins, and they had become the conquerors of the world, they disdained everything that did not attach immediately to the Koran and the law. They were then unacquainted with song, and pantomime; and only knew the ancient songs of the desert. But, on becoming masters of the treasures of Greece and Persia, they acquired a taste for the pleasures of life,—they became polished and refined. Then the chanters and musicians of Greece and of Persia journeyed to the province of Mecca, placing themselves in the service of the Arabs, who, on their part, treated them well. Then flourished those celebrated chanters, Arabian as well as Persian, viz., *Mechit*, the Persian; *Tavis Saib Hathir*, the master of *Abdullah*, the son of *Djafer*; and the Arabs adopted the Persian taste. After this, *Moid-eln-Cherih*, and others equally celebrated, improved the art of chanting, until it was gradually carried to the summit of perfection, under the Abbassides. Bagdad was, at that period, the centre of good music."

At this period, costumes for the dancers, and instruments, such as castanets, for their use; various kinds of dances, each of which had its peculiar steps, and peculiar music; and a species of pantomime, were invented; and these habits, instruments, dances, and pantomimes, became very popular at Bagdad; numerous professors practised the latter, and the knowledge of them was spread through those countries which had any intercourse with Arabia.

Haroun-al-Raschid, who reigned from A.D. 786 to 809, and whose name has been carried to every quarter of the globe by the fascinating tales known under the name of *The Arabian Nights' Entertainments*, was a great lover of music. In his reign, a celebrated flute-player, named *Ishac*, flourished, of whom he made a friend and confidant. The airs composed by *Abou-Giafer*, of the race of the Abbassides, are still the delight of the Arabians; and wonderful effects are ascribed to the music of the caliph *Abou-Nesir-Mahomed-al-Farabi*, who was called the Arabian Orpheus and, from a collection of ancient Arabian MSS. in the British Museum, it would seem they possessed a rude species of counterpoint before the year 1060. Some of the best writers in the Arabic express themselves in a language exceedingly simple and chaste. An elegy by *Letid Ben Rabeat Alamary*, the subject of which is, the return of a person, after a long absence, to the place where he had spent his early years, is a beautiful specimen of simplicity and feeling. —One stanza reminds us of Goldsmith:—

"Yet, 'midst those ruined heaps, that naked plain,  
Can faithful mem'ry former scenes restore,  
Recall the busy throng, the jocund train,  
And picture all that charmed us there before."

And a composition by *Abon Mahommed*, called the *Adieu*, breathes the language of true poetry; and such were the effects produced upon the *Khaleph Wathek*, before whom it was sung by the author as a specimen of his musical talents, that he threw his own robe over the shoulders of *Abon Mahommed*, and ordered him a present of an hundred thousand dirhems. It begins:—

"The Boatmen shout, 'tis time to part,  
No longer can we stay;  
'Twas then Maimuna taught my heart  
How much a glance could say."

The Arabian music is all performed in quarter tones, or the enharmonic genus, or scale; and M. Ginguene says, that like other oriental people, they "never pass from one sound to another, however distant, either in rising or falling, without running through all the intermediate intervals. These continual slides of the voice, which to us are insupportable, constitute, according to them, the charm of their music and grace of their melody. They have no knowledge of harmony," he continues, "and in their concerts all the parts are performed in unisons and octaves, and all on stringed instruments; of which they sometimes sweep the whole number, to produce more or less effect, or at least more noise, which necessarily occasions a discordance, to which, from their ignorance of harmonic chords, their ears are insensible." Their instruments are chiefly those of percussion, or drummed with the fingers or nails. "They have, indeed," says Dr. Burney, "a flute called *Nai*, with ventages. The tube is a section of reed, with a mouth-piece of horn. It is to the sound of this flute that the dervises dance. Two or three musicians are placed in the gallery that surrounds the mosque. The *Iman* is stationed in the midst of the dervises; he gives the signal, the *nais* begin to sound, and the dervises turn round with extreme rapidity. The *Iman* gives another signal, the flutes then cease to sound, and the dervises stop, and throw themselves into a particular attitude." They have also an instrument called the *Oud*, or *Aoud*, which resembles a lute; and they ascribe as many marvellous effects to it, as the Greeks did to the lyre of *Amphion*, or the Chinese to the *Kin* of *Pin-mou-kai*. "They tell you," says M. Ginguene, "with the utmost gravity, that each of the strings of this instrument, four in number, has particular virtues; the first, for instance, acts as a specific against bile and phlegm; the second is a sovereign cure for the most inveterate melancholy and vapours; the third gives health and vigour to young people of both sexes; and lastly, the fourth string affords relief, the instant it is heard, to a sanguine temper and disposition." But the power of these strings depends greatly on the mode in which the performer touches them.

They have a particular *pizzicato*, or pinch, for every action and passion; courage, liberality, and noble sentiments, are inspired by one mode of thrumming; love and pleasure by a second; the dance is inspired by a third; sleep and tranquillity by a fourth. At the distance which separates us from Arabia, and the difference in our ideas and sentiments, we can form no just conception of these fancied effects, from which we must, doubtless, abate much of the marvellous. What they ascribe to each instrument, string, and stroke of the fingers, and delicate shades of perfection, only convinces us, that they are a people endowed with sensibility very different from ours.

They divide their music into two parts; the *telif* (composition) or music, considered in its relation to melody; and the *ikaa* (cadence of sounds), or the measured cessation of melody, regarding instrumental music only. They have four principal modes, from which are derived eight others; and they have also eight composite modes, formed out of the union of these. Their manner of noting music is by forming an oblong rectangle, which is divided by seven lines perpendicular in its sides, representing, together with the two extreme lines, eight intervals. The higher of these is called by a name signifying the interval of all the tones; and the seven others, beginning with the lowest, contain the seven Persian names of numbers. Each of the lines is of a different colour, which



must be remembered, as well as the name and the interval. If, therefore, the ancient Arabian music was, as Sir William Jones suggests, extremely simple, it has now lost that character, and must be considered as very complex. Amongst their instruments, besides the two before enumerated, the Arabians have the *rehab*, which has a body shaped like a tortoise; the neck or handle is round; it has three strings, and is played on with a bow. The *tambour* is a species of mandoline, with a long neck. The *douff* like our tambourine; and the *santure* resembles our psalter. The *semenge* is a bow instrument, the body being commonly formed of a cocoa-nut shell, with a piece of skin extended over it; three strings of catgut, and sometimes of horse-hair, are fitted to it, and it is played with a bow. The *semenge* and *drum* are usually the instruments of the wandering musicians, who accompany the dancing women. The Arabs have another instrument for the bow, called the *marabba*, with a string of horse-hair, and a skin stretched upon the body of the instrument. It accords admirably with the shrill voices of the singers in the coffee-houses. The *shami* or *chami*, is a flute, so is the *sulami*; both are made of cane, and pierced with numerous holes. The *bouk* is a tube of metal, about forty-four inches long; contracted at the mouth, where a small cane or reed is inserted, and enlarging towards the other end, where it is as wide as the hand. Most of the instruments used in Turkey and Persia, are also found in some parts of Arabia.

These instruments are not all to be found in one place. In some towns there are not more than two or three; and even in the large cities it is seldom that the whole of them are to be seen. The science is, however, generally cultivated in Arabia; but is less practised at Mecca, according to the lamented Burckhardt, than in most other places. Few songs are heard in the evenings, except among the Bedouins, in the skirts of the town. The choral song, called *Djok*, is sometimes sung by the young men at night in the coffee-houses, its measure being accompanied by the clapping of hands. The Sheriff of Mecca has a band of martial music, similar to that kept by the Pashas, composed of kettle-drums, trumpets, fifes, &c. It plays twice a day before his door, and for about an hour on the evening of every new moon.

The *Sakas*, or water-carriers, have a song which is very affecting from its simplicity, and the purposes for which it is used. The wealthier pilgrims frequently purchase the whole contents of a *saka's* water-skin, on quitting the mosque, especially at night, and order him to distribute it gratis among the poor. While pouring out the water into the wooden bowls with which every beggar is provided, they exclaim, "Sebyl, Allah, ya atshan, Sebyl!" "Hasten, O thirst, to the ways of God!" They then break out into the following short song, of three notes only, which Burckhardt says he never heard without emotion: "Eddjene wa el moy fezaty la Sahab es-Sebyl!" "Paradise and forgiveness be the lot of him who gave you this water!"

Mr. Buckingham gives some slight notices of the present state of music in Arabia, in his interesting Travels in that country. At Assalt, he found the church-service very similar to that of the Greek churches in Asia Minor, only being performed in Arabic instead of Greek. At the church in Damascus, the sermon was followed up by five peals of music on the organ, and the choristers, chiefly children of both sexes, sang hymns, in responses to each other, in the Arabic tongue. "In their common amusements," Mr. Buckingham tells us, "music seems to hold a distinguished place. In a coffee-house, encounters at a sort of single-stick, are animated by the sounds of a tambourine and fifes, which varied in their performance as the contest became closer." He also encountered a party, who sang Arabic songs in thirds and fifths; and one sang an octave to the strain. The Pashas at Aleppo and Smyrna have bands, in which trumpets, drums, and fifes, are the principal instruments.

#### ALLEGRI'S MISERERE.

GREGORIO ALLEGRI, who appears to have been a dignitary of the church, being styled the reverend, was a native of Rome; the precise date of his birth is unknown, but must have taken place either the latter end of the sixteenth century or the beginning of the seventeenth, as he was admitted into the Pope's chapel in 1629,

as a contra-tenor. He was of the family of Correggio, the celebrated painter, who also bore the name of Allegri; and received his musical education from the famous Nanini, who was contemporary with Palestrina. His vocal abilities were not of a first-rate order, but he was accounted an admirable master of harmony; joined to this, he bore an excellent character for benevolence;—it is said his door was daily crowded by the poor and needy, who never went unrelieved; besides which, he made a practice of visiting the prisons, in order to bestow his alms on distressed and deserving objects.

Among the compositions of Allegri, (which were chiefly confined to the church) is the celebrated *Miserere*, performed in the Sistine Chapel at Rome, on the Wednesday and Friday in Passion-week, being, for its excellence, reserved for the most solemn occasions. This *Miserere* is composed in five parts, viz., 1st and 2nd soprano, alto, tenor, and bass, and is written in the key of G minor. In construction it is of great simplicity, and its appearance does not convey any great intelligence of the wonderful impression made by it, when performed in the Pope's chapel.

The author of a "Tour in Germany," thus relates the manner in which it is performed at Rome, during the solemnities of Lent.

"Allegri's famed *Miserere*, as sung at the Sistine Chapel at Rome, during Easter, justifies the belief that, for purposes of devotion, the unaided human voice is the most impressive of all instruments. If such a choir as that of his holiness could always be commanded, the organ itself might be dispensed with. This, however, is no fair sample of the powers of vocal sacred music; and those who are most alive to the 'concord of human sounds,' forget that, in the mixture of feeling produced by a scene so imposing as the Sistine Chapel presents on such an occasion, it is difficult to attribute to the music only its own share in the overwhelming effect. The Christian world is in mourning; the throne of the Pontiff, stripped of all its honours, and uncovered of its royal canopy, is degraded to the simple elbow-chair of an aged priest. The Pontiff himself, and the congregated dignitaries of the church, divested of all earthly pomp, kneel before the cross in the unostentatious garb of their religious orders. As evening sinks, and the tapers are extinguished one after another, at different stages of the service, the fading light falls ever dimmer and dimmer on the reverend figures. The prophets and saints of Michael Angelo look down from the ceiling on the pious worshippers beneath; while the living figures of his Last Judgment, in every variety of infernal suffering and celestial enjoyment, gradually vanish in the gathering shade, as if the scene of horror had closed for ever on the one, and the other had quitted the darkness of earth for a higher world. Is it wonderful that, in such circumstances, such music as that famed *Miserere*, sung by such a choir, should shake the soul even of a Calvinist?"

Although the harmony of this celebrated composition is pure, and (for the time it was written) bearing a considerable share of ingenuity and a peculiar kind of beauty, yet it owes its reputation more to the theatrical manner of performance than to the composition itself. The same music is many times repeated to different words, and the singers have, by tradition, certain customs and expressions which produce wonderful effects—such as swelling or diminishing the sounds at some particular words, and singing entire verses quicker than others. Some of the greatest effects produced by this piece, may perhaps be attributed to the time, place, and solemnity of the ceremonies. The Pope and conclave are all prostrated to the ground, the candles of the chapel and the torches of the balustrades are extinguished one by one, and the last verse of the Psalm is terminated by two choirs, the chapel-master beating time slower and slower, and the singers diminishing the harmony by little and little to a perfect point, followed by a profound silence.

The *Miserere* is the 51st Psalm, whence Allegri has selected part of the 1st, and the whole of 2nd, 4th, 6th, 8th, 10th, 12th, 15th, and 18th verses, and concludes with part of the 19th. So sacred was this composition at one time held by the Church, that the penalty of a copy was almost tantamount to excommunication; the thunders of the Vatican being hurled against the miserable wretch who dared to disregard its dictates. Padre Martini states, that there were never more than three copies made by authority—

one for the Emperor Leopold, another for the King of Portugal, and the third for himself. Respecting the former, the following anecdote is narrated:—

"The Emperor Leopold the First, not only a lover and patron of music, but a good composer himself, ordered his ambassador to Rome, to entreat the Pope to permit him to have a copy of the celebrated *Miserere* of Allegri, for the use of the Imperial Chapel at Vienna; which being granted, a copy was made by the Signor Maestro of the Pope's Chapel, and sent to the Emperor, who had then in his service some of the best singers of the age; but notwithstanding the abilities of the performers, the composition was so far from answering the expectations of the Emperor and his Court, in the execution, that he concluded the Pope's *Maestro di Capella*, in order to keep it a mystery, had put a trick upon him, and sent him another composition.

"Upon which, in great wrath, he sent an express to His Holiness, with a complaint against the *Maestro di Capella*, which occasioned his immediate disgrace, and dismissal from the service of the Papal chapel; and in so great a degree was the Pope offended at the supposed imposition of his composer, that, for a long time, he would neither see him nor hear his defence; however, at length the poor man got one of the Cardinals to plead his cause, and to acquaint His Holiness that the style of singing in his chapel, particularly in performing the *Miserere*, was such as could not be expressed by notes, nor taught or transmitted to any other place but by example; for which reason the piece in question, though faithfully transcribed, must fail in its effect, when performed elsewhere.

"His Holiness did not understand music, and could hardly comprehend how the same notes should sound so differently in different places; however, he ordered his *Maestro di Capella* to write down his defence, in order to send it to Vienna, which was done; and the Emperor, seeing no other way of gratifying his wishes with respect to this composition, begged of the Pope, that some of the musicians in the service of His Holiness might be sent to Vienna to instruct those in the service of his chapel how to perform the *Miserere* of Allegri."

It is well known that the powers of Mozart's memory were truly astonishing; and the manner in which he obtained a copy of the *Miserere* is highly characteristic and amusing.

When in his fourteenth year, Mozart travelled with his father to Rome, and was invited by the Pope to the Quirinal Palace—this happened just before Easter. While in conversation with His Holiness, he solicited a copy of the *Miserere*; but was refused, in consequence of the prohibition. He then asked permission to attend the only rehearsal, to which he listened with the utmost attention. On quitting the chapel, Mozart spoke not a word, but hastened home and wrote down the notes. At the public performance, he brought his manuscript carefully concealed in his hat, and having filled up some omissions and corrected some errors in the inner parts, had the satisfaction of knowing that he possessed a complete copy of the treasure thus jealously guarded. When afterwards this manuscript was compared with the one sent by Pope Pius the Sixth to the Emperor of Germany, there was not found the difference of a single note.

Although Allegri set many parts of the church service with divine simplicity and purity of harmony, yet there does not appear to be a single composition of his, save the *Miserere*, which has withstood the ravages of time. As while he lived he was much beloved, so when he died was he deeply lamented. His death occurred on the 18th of February, 1652, and he was buried in the Chiesa Nuova, before the Chapel of St. Philipppo Neri, the place of interment for the singers of the Pontifical Chapel, upon the wall of which is engraved the following epitaph:—

CANTORES PONTIFICI  
NE QUOS VIVOS,  
CONCORDS MELODIO  
JUNXIT:  
MORTUOS CORPORIS,  
DISCORDS RESOLUTIO  
DISSOLVERIT:  
HIC UNA CONDI  
VOLUERE.  
ANNO 1640.

## GEORGE ONSLOW.

GEORGE ONSLOW was born at Clermont, in the Pay-de-Dome, in July, 1784. His father was a member of the well-known English family—his mother was a Brantome. Thus he learned music merely as a gentleman's accomplishment; and though he studied the pianoforte under Hullmandel, Dussek, and Cramer, besides learning the violoncello, it was not, we are assured, till some time after boyhood was passed, that a hearing of Mehul's Overture to *Stratonice* excited in him that desire of trying to exercise creative power which was only to be allayed by his devoting his life to the study and production of music. Unlike many other amateurs who confound wishes with means, and ideas with complete works—determined, too, to undertake musical composition in its most delicate and complex and intellectual forms—Onslow, we are assured by M. Fétis, shut himself up and toiled laboriously ere he gave out his first stringed quintet; from that time until within a short period of his death producing and publishing unceasingly most successful as well as most fertile compositions for the chamber. A few symphonies and three operas (no one of which is particularly striking), *L'Alcade de la Vega*, *Le Colporteur*, and *Le Duc de Guise*, are the only other works by Onslow which have been laid before the world. So far as we are aware he never attempted sacred composition.

The large mass of chamber music, however, finished by Onslow well merits the epithet of remarkable. It is thoroughly original without being extraordinarily striking,—delicate and interesting, without sickliness or the absence of occasional vigour,—suave in the phrases, ingenious in structure,—not always, it may be, sufficiently varied by happy strokes of episode, but always thoroughly well reasoned out, and interesting to the players, from the closeness of attention and readiness in dialogue, reply and imitation, which it demands.

During later years—as frequently happens with those whose fine thoughts are more pleasing than powerful—Onslow, in straining after novelty and contrast, became only affected or fragmentary. This may have done its part in abating the zeal and sympathy of his admirers; but enough remains from his pen to be referred to, to be returned upon, to be performed and partaken of with pleasure so long as music is bound by its present laws, and as those who enjoy it retain their present canons of enjoyment. It would be superfluous to single out any of the well-known quintets which have won for Onslow a European celebrity,—or to do more than mention his Pianoforte *Sextuor*, his Pianoforte Duets in F minor and E minor, his Pianoforte *Trio* in G major (a singularly sweet and gracious specimen of his style), his Pianoforte *Sonatas*, with violin (in G minor and E major), and with violoncello (in F major and G minor). The above are all classical works, having a beauty, an intricacy, and an expressiveness totally their own,—appealing to the thoughtful, as opposed to the sensual musicians,—happily conceived and carefully finished.

The habits of Onslow's life were gentle and retired, tending to encourage self-occupation. He resided principally in his native Auvergne,—travelled little, we believe, save to Paris, where he succeeded to Cherubini's membership of the *Académie des Beaux Arts*,—and mixed in the concerns of the world of music only sparingly and occasionally. The kindness of his nature took the form of an over-graciousness of manner, which made intercourse with him fatiguing to all such as prefer discriminating judgment and fresh, if irregular, sallies of humour to compliment, be it ever so courtly, or approval, be it ever so sincere. His health had been for some time declining,—but his death, at the close of a walk, was sudden. It is presumed

that it may be followed by some votive honours in the country to which by right of citizenship, and more by the manner of his art, he may be said most closely to belong.

#### ADOLPH BERNARD MARX.

Adolph Bernard Marx, doctor and professor of music, was born at Halle, the 27th November, 1798. He received instruction in the elements of music and on the piano, and was taught harmony by Türk; but in his youth he cultivated the art only imperfectly, being obliged to give himself to the study of jurisprudence. Having completed his course at the University, he obtained an appointment on the tribunal at Halle, which, however, he soon abandoned for one more important in the college at Naumbourg. But the strong desire of devoting himself entirely to the study of music, decided him to remove to Berlin, where for several years, contending successfully against many obstacles, he pursued his musical studies. In 1823, Schlesinger committed to his charge the editorship of the *Allgemeine Musik Zeitung*, and the successful manner in which he conducted it for seven years, made him advantageously known, and was the cause of his receiving, in 1830, the appointment of Director of Music in the University of Berlin. He subsequently received the diploma of Doctor in Music from the University of Marbourg, and his published works justify his title to this honour.

Among the productions of Marx are the following:—

1st. *Die Kunst des Gesanges, theoretisch-practisch.* (The Art of Singing, theoretical and practical.) Berlin, 1826, 4to. 347 pp. This work is in three divisions; the first containing the principles of music; the second, treating of the theory of the voice and its formation; the third being made up of detailed observations on the application of the art of singing to different styles of music.

2nd. *Ueber Malerle in Tonkunst. Ein Maigrus an die Kunst-Philosophen.* (On painting, in Music. A May greeting to the Art-philosophers.) Berlin, 1828; 67 pp. 8vo.¶

3rd. *Die Lehre von der musikalischen Komposition, praktisch-theoretisch, Selbstunterricht.* (Theory and practice of musical composition.) 2 vols. Leipsic. 1838.

4th. *Allgemeine Musiklehre. Ein Hilfsbuch für Lehrer und Lernende in jedem Weise musikalischer Unterweisung.* (General Music Teacher.) Leipsic. 1839.

5th. *Berliner Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung.* 1823-1828.

6th. *Ueber die Geltung Handelscher Sologesänge für unsere Zeit. Ein Nachtrag zur Kunst des Gesanges.* (On the value of Handel's solo songs for our time. A contribution to the Art of Song.) Berlin. 1829 4to.

7th. *Betrachtung uüber den heutigen Zustand der Deutschen Oper.* (Considerations on the present state of German Opera,) &c.

Marx also wrote several articles in the Universal Lexicon of Music, published by Schilling; among them, those on Bach, Beethoven, Gluck, Fasch, Gréty, Haydn and Handel. He is also known as a composer by several musical dramas, symphonies, &c., and by his Oratorios, "Saint John the Baptist," which was performed in 1835, and "Moses," recently performed under the direction of Liszt, at Weimar. Dr. Marx is at present associated with Dr. Kullak, in the direction of a Musical Academy in Berlin; for an account of which see vol. 1, page 170 of this Journal.

ROYAL MARIONETTE THEATRE.—On Monday next, Jullien's American Quadrille will be given by the celebrated Hungarian Band, being the first time of its performance in England.

#### Reviews of Music.

"THE ADA WALTZES." For the pianoforte. Composed by Kate Rogers. Wessel and Co.

A good set, well written for the hand, and indicating a feeling for dance music. As regards tune, the Waltzes are rather monotonous. Nos. 3 and 4 are best. Any player can learn and play them.

"FORGIVE ME THIS ONCE." Ballad. Written by R. Rhodes Reed. Music by Carlo Minasi. T. E. Purday.

M. Carlo Minasi has too prolific a pen to write always worthily; nevertheless, we have seen less commendable songs from his nib than the above. Its only fault appears to be an attempt to obtain an English character for the melody, which is not obtained. This, however, may be our hyper-criticism, and not M. Carlo Minasi's fault. Mr. R. Rhodes Reed's rhymes are written rather readily. Repeated reading reassures they are.

"THE PSALM OF LIFE." Song. Words by H. W. Longfellow. By Beta. Audall, Rose, and Carte.

Beta is not the Alpha of Sacred songsters; nevertheless, the "Psalm of Life," though plain to a fault, is an agreeable and sensible song. It is written for a barytone voice, or would suit equally well a low tenor.

"MAZURKA," for the Pianoforte. "NOCTURNE," ditto, ditto. By Edward Thurnham. R. Cocks and Co.

This Mazurka is perhaps the best we have seen since Jullien's Pietro il Grande Mazurka—which was best of the best. It is a highly graceful and characteristic dance. A very pleasing phrase runs throughout. It is in the key of G; the change into D is bright and animated, and supplies a happy contrast to the opening subject. The Mazurka also is exceedingly well written.

The "Nocturne" is more pretentious, but less to our liking. Its difficulty, no less than its want of characteristic tune and feeling, will preclude it from becoming as popular and as well liked as the Mazurka. The "Nocturne," nevertheless, however deficient in other recommendable qualities, will constitute a useful piece for the advanced practitioner. Mr. Thurnham has evidently laboured hard to render his "Nocturne" at once a sound and brilliant morceau, and he has succeeded to a certain extent. The opening is grave and solemn, while the conclusion partly betrays the tendency to the modern fantasia school. The rich keys of A flat and E flat are alternately used with much effect. The "Nocturne" winds up with great animation and spirit, and may be recommended as a piece combining the romantic and the showy school together.

"RIMEMBRANZA DI NAPOLI."—Fantasia on favourite airs from Norma. Composed and dedicated to W. H. HOLMES, by CARLO MINASI. Jewell and Letchford.

This sparkling little fantasia cannot fail to win the hearts of all young ladies who affect Bellini's melodious strains, and desire to exhibit their art in showing them off on the piano. M. Carlo Minasi has taken the most charming airs of *Norma*, and has interwoven them very neatly into a drawing-room morceau. We recommend the fantasia to all desirous young ladies.

"I SLEPT, AND OH! HOW SWEET THE DREAM." Song. Words by L. M. Thornton. Composed by Albert Dawes. Wessel and Co.

An absence of tune is the chief fault of this ballad. It is not wanting in feeling and expression; but what it possesses of these is its sole merit. The poetry would pass scatheless through our pens were it not for one unfortunate word in the following couplet:—

"When with my tiny hands I used  
To bunch the flow'rets wild."

This is not the stuff to make music from.

"THE HASTINGS POLKA."—"THE HARROW IMPROMPTU POLKA." Composed by Albert Dawes. Wessel and Co.

Two Polkas that may be danced to with satisfaction, if the dancers dance well and keep good time.



### Provincial.

**HERTFORD.**—The first concert of the Hertford Glee Society, for the present season, took place on Thursday, Dec. 15th. The professional vocalists were Signor Nappi and Miss Ursula Barclay. The instrumental performances equalled the expectations excited by the former successes of the orchestra. The Overture to *Masaniello* was splendidly performed; and the old overture by Jomelli was apparently appreciated by the audience. The duetto "Good Night," and "Senza tanti complimenti," were effectively sung by Miss Barclay and Signor Nappi; and the beautiful trio, "Through the world wilt thou ly with me," was deliciously given by the same artistes, with the assistance of Mr. Joseph Rayment. The aria buffa, "Il Postiglione," was sung by Signor Nappi, and procured an encore; and Miss Barclay's song, "I am happy as a little bird," deserved, if it did not obtain one. Mr. Rayment sang "Never give up," and "The last Shilling," with his usual taste. The concert was highly satisfactory. The musical arrangements were under the conduct of Mr. Charles Bridgeman, who performed on the pianoforte presented to him, by the town, many years ago, for the first time since its failing tone has been restored by those ingenious artificers in music—the Messrs. Broadwood.

**RICHMOND.**—A concert, under most distinguished patronage, took place on Tuesday evening at the Castle Hotel, which was exceedingly well attended. As the programme, as usual, consisted of nearly thirty pieces, with a whole legion of encores, our readers must be satisfied, as usual, with a very slight sketch. Mr. G. Genge, who was encored in three ballads, came in for the lion's share of the honours, and Miss W. Wells was recalled in a Scotch song. Miss Stabbach, who was the star of the evening, took care to improve her position as one of the most promising of our rising vocalists, by her perfect delivery of Weber's beautiful and trying scena, "Softly sighs," and was afterwards encored in a Scotch song. Mr. J. L. Hutton was recalled in a descriptive comic song; and the other performers, Messrs. Henshaw, Perren, Wrighton, and Miss Pringle contributed largely to the satisfaction of a very numerous audience; and as the admission was rather higher than usual, we trust that the intention of the committee will be fulfilled, in giving to the homes of the extremely indigent of the neighbourhood, some treat of the "creature comforts" on Christmas Day; for such, we presume, is the object of the charity.

**THE TESTIMONIAL CONCERT TO MR. WILLIAM SUDLOW.**—A well-merited honour was paid to Mr. William Sudlow, the founder and honorary secretary of the Philharmonic Society, on Tuesday night, when, with the approval of the directors, the old and present practical members, assisted by Mrs. Weiss, Miss Birch, Miss Eyles, Mr. Benson, and Mr. Weiss, gave a performance of *The Messiah*, the arrangements being that the proceeds should be given to Mr. Sudlow. The band and chorus was numerically stronger than it ever was before, though not so evenly balanced as could have been wished. The basses were very good; the tenors much too powerful; the trebles and altos weak, the former being too shrill and piercing. Some of the choruses went admirably, especially the "Hallelujah," and the colossal finale—the former was irresistible. "And the glory," and "He shall purify," were very unsteady. "For unto us," was given with the *piano* reading, which is not so effective as the old traditional modes, besides being at variance with the meaning of the words. Mr. Herrmann's ideas of the time throughout were erroneous—almost everything was taken too fast, and the general effect much impaired. "All we like sheep," was taken at a killing pace. The band, as far as their numbers would admit, were very good, but the weakness of the stringed instruments was too palpable. The solos, generally speaking, were well performed. Mr. Weiss was, as usual, admirable; his delivery of the recitations, also of the airs, "The people that walked," and "The trumpet shall sound," left nothing to be desired. Miss Eyles did not come out well in "O thou that tellest," but improved as the evening advanced, and afterwards gave "He also shall feed," and "He was despised," exquisitely. Miss Birch, who is quite identified with *The Messiah*, sang in her usual style of excellence. "But thou didst not learn," and "I know that my Redeemer liveth," were chastely and beautifully executed. Mr. Benson has hardly voice sufficient for such

a large building, and Madlle. Weiss lacks polish. The encores were—Miss Birch, in "But thou didst not leave," and choruses, "For unto us," and "Hallelujah;" all richly merited. A similar compliment was also offered to Mr. Weiss, in "Why do the nations," but was with good taste declined. It is a pity that Mr. Sudlow did not conduct the oratorio in person—an office for which he is fully competent; the choruses would then have been given with more grandeur and effect. Still, allowing for the drawbacks above mentioned, it was unquestionably a fine performance. The stalls and boxes were not by any means well filled, while the galleries were crowded to inconvenience, the crush being much greater by the absence of any officials to direct visitors to their seats. The receipts were, however, very large, and we understand that the balance, which amounts to a very handsome sum, will be presented to Mr. Sudlow to-morrow evening, at the Adelphi Hotel, where a public dinner will be given to him.—*Liverpool Times*.

**BELFAST.**—One of the most fashionable and elegant concerts of the season was given last evening, by Mr. George B. Allen, in the Music Hall, which was almost filled by the rank and fashion of Belfast, and its neighbourhood. Madlle. Rita Favanti made her first appearance in this town. She sang Rossini's cavatina from the *Barbiere*, "Una voce," which received an encore. Prepared as we were for a specimen of vocalisation of the highest character from Madlle. Rita Favanti, we must confess we have rarely enjoyed such singing. In the English ballad, "He's coming home," in the duet with Mr. Leffler, "Dunque io son," which was encored, and in "Non piu mesta," from *Cenerentola*, she sang with the greatest effect. Mr. Richardson, the celebrated flautist, was announced to perform, and would have been present, we understand, had not Her Majesty commanded his services, and the whole of the private band, to perform for the benefit of Dr. Bexfield's widow and children, at Norwich, on Friday. Madlle. Favanti further sang an aria of Ricci's, and the well-known "Brindisi" from the *Lucrezia Borgia*, in both of which she was encored. Madlle. Therese Wagner possesses a soprano voice of the German school. In a ballad, by Mr. Augustus Duke, "My home no more," she created a most favourable impression. Mr. Leffler, the well-known baritone, sang a song, by Mr. Allen, "The Village Blacksmith." The audience appreciated it as it deserved. The concert gave the greatest satisfaction. The Belfast musical people are greatly indebted to Mr. Allen for his spirited conduct.—*Banner of Ulster*, Dec. 20th.

**EDINBURGH.**—(From our own Correspondent.)—Mr. Wood's speculation of producing German and Italian Operas may now be considered as a safe one. The orchestra, of which the following is a correct list, is efficient in every respect, and the whole affair is carried out with a completeness almost worthy a metropolitan theatre. Conductors, Herr Anschuetz and Signor Orsini.—1st violins, Krutzer, Thirlwall, Vauheldegehm, Jacquin, Lawrence, Mackenzie;—2nd ditto, Stehling, Haag, Diehl; alto, Thompson, Dabriel; violoncello, Hausmann, Pettit; basso, Pickart, Kliegl; flutes, Bricialdi, Berghman; oboes, Crozier, Murrey; clarionets, Owen, Mann; bassoons, Hutchins. Beho; horns, Bahr, Thomas, Hoffman, Hamilton; trumpets, Harper, Harvey; trombones, Vimeaux, Murray; Drums, Hinckey, A. Thompson.

I could not write a better than the following notice, which appeared in the *Edinburgh Advertiser*, which will give your readers some idea of the success of the troupe in this the Far North.

[The article alluded to appears in another part of our paper.—*Ed.*]

### Miscellaneous.

**MDLLE. COULON'S SOIRÉE.**—(From a Correspondent.)—On Tuesday last, Mdlle. Coulon gave a *soirée musicale* at her own residence, on which occasion she performed Mendelssohn's duet for piano and violoncello with M. Paque, a new etude by J. Herz, a very spirited and cleverly written "Marche a quatre mains," with the composer (J. Herz), and Mayseder's trio No. 1, with Messrs. Politzer and Paque. Mdlle. Coulon played with considerable spirit and energy, and exhibited a very brilliant execution. She was enthusiastically applauded by a very select audience. M. Paque's beautiful rich tone came out fine in the duet and the solo he executed. Mayseder's trio, although well

played, is really too trite a composition to make us wish ever to hear it again. Madame Amedei sang "Se M'Abbandoni," and a ballad expressly composed for her by F. Praeger, "The Lament of the Rose," and created a furore. Miss Ransford gave Rode's "Variation;" Signor Ciabatta, a French Romance; Mdle. Hermann, some German Lieder,\* by F. Praeger, with very nice expression, and a duet with Signor Ciabatta. Mr. F. Mori conducted; and a very pleasant musical evening was spent.

[\*We know them; they are gems of expressive melody.—ED.]

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION, CAMBERWELL.—A grand vocal and instrumental concert was given in the above place on Thursday evening, the 15th inst. Vocalists—Miss Stabbach, Herr Kumpel, and Mr. Weiss. Instrumentalists—Herr Pauer, (piano), Herr Molique (violin), and Signor Piatti (violoncello). This was, in many respects, a first-rate affair. It would not have been easy to have selected a more admirable trio of instrumentalists. The concert opened with Beethoven's grand trio in B flat for piano, violin, and violoncello, and was splendidly performed by the three artists above-named. Mr. Weiss followed with Mendelssohn's "I'm a Roamer"—Pedlar's song from the *Son and Stranger*—and was, as a thing of course, encored. Herr Kumpel succeeded with an air from the *Creation*. Herr Kumpel has a tenor voice of some compass. After Kumpel—who created in the air from the *Creation* an indifferent effect—came Molique, with his fantasia on Hungarian melodies, and played exquisitely. Molique has a bow of the first gut, or, more properly, hair. Miss Georgina (why Georgina?) Stabbach sang with great purity and sweetness, Land's "Golden Sun," and met with the most favorable reception. Herr Pauer executed his own "Passacaille" with variations in a highly finished and brilliant manner; and Mr. Weiss wound up the first part with "Amid the Battle raging," from Spohr's *Jessonda*. The second part consisted of a duo for pianoforte and violoncello, by Mendelssohn—executants, Herr Pauer and Signor Piatti; a Scotch ballad, "Take back the ring, dear Jamie," sung (charmingly) by Miss Stabbach; two *lieder*, by Herr Kumpel; a solo on the violoncello, by Piatti—a marvelous performance; song for voice, violin, and piano, a lovely and original *morceau*, perfectly rendered by Miss Stabbach, MM. Molique and Pauer; Tully's ballad, "The Muleteer," by Mr. Weiss; and a duet of Donizetti's, sung by Miss Stabbach and Herr Kumpel, in which the lady proved herself by far the most competent interpreter. Herr Pauer officiated as conductor. The attendance was good.—(From our own Camberwell Correspondent.)

KING'S SCHOLARSHIP AND ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The examination for the King's Scholarships took place last Monday, at the Institution in Tenterden-street, Hanover-square. The successful competitor for the male scholarship was Master John Barnett, whose performance of Mendelssohn's concerto in D minor at the concerts of the New Philharmonic Society last season we had occasion to speak of so highly. Master John Barnett is a pupil of Dr. Henry Wylde, and this is the second time he has been successful in obtaining the scholarship, which continues each time for the space of two years, and is worth, we believe, £50 a-year. The scholarship for the ladies' department was conferred on Miss Vinning.

MR. JOHN RUSSELL SMITH, the publisher, of Soho Square, complains to the *Times* of a demand by the British Museum. Some copies of a costly Parisian work on architecture have been sent to him for sale, and the Paris publisher inserted Mr. Smith's name on the title-page as the London agent; whereupon Mr. Panizzi claims a copy for the Museum library. Mr. Smith has been obliged to defer the sale of the work, in order to have new title-pages printed, omitting his name, that he may not expose himself to a demand for five free copies under the Copyright Act. He thinks Mr. Panizzi's claim as novel as it is oppressive in such a case.

THE QUEEN AND THE ACTRESS.—One of the most distinguished and respected of our actresses, who has for years maintained her family by her exertions, was the other day subjected to the distress of appearing, through her husband, in the Insolvent Debtors' Court. She had been afflicted by a painful disease, in spite of which, while strength remained, she laboured actively in her profession, but was compelled at last to desist. It appears

that Her Majesty has not been content with simply subscribing towards the support required by Mrs. Warner's family, now that its prop fails, but that, having learnt the importance of carriage exercise to the patient, with a woman's delicacy at once found the kindest way to render service, by herself hiring a carriage, which she had caused, and causes still to be placed daily at Mrs. Warner's disposal.—*Examiner*.

MURDER OF AN ACTRESS AT HAVANNAH.—On the morning of the 23rd November, the famed Matilda Dominguez, the long favourite actress of the Tacon Theatre, whose personal attractions were almost irresistible, was brutally murdered by her husband, Jose Francisco Valdez. With this tragedy, the name of our supreme authority has been presumptuously associated in terms not flattering to his domestic virtues and attachments; but as to the termination of the wretchedly brilliant career of the woman, he should not be held accountable. What La Dominguez was as an actress is due to her extraordinary talents—what she became in morals and conduct, the miserable wretch her husband should be answerable for, as forced upon her by his authority for the means of his own licentious existence. The story cannot all be written of this ill-fated daughter of an ill-fated mother, who perished in the same way, and for a like cause, by her husband, ten or twelve years since—he, with the same weapon, terminating his own life, leaving the orphan Matilda to the chance care of relatives or charitable friends. Valdez attempted to kill himself after the murder of his wife; but, although he dealt himself several stabs, none were mortal, and he has a chance for reflection and the ordinary punishment, which will be administered, probably, under the administration of General Pezuela, to the relief of General Canedo. The late residence of La Dominguez was thronged through the day (the 23rd), and on the 24th her body was borne to the grave, followed by thousands of our people, who forgot all but her worth upon the stage and her years of ministry to their enjoyment as an actress. The remarkable circumstances of her life—the coincidence of its close with that of her mother's—the names mingled in relation to the cause which incited the monster who killed her whom he had forced into shame, and who lived by the fruits of crime that he compelled—were sufficient to create most intense and saddening feeling throughout our society, and there was not a pulse that did not cease a moment to throb under the awful impression of the event.—*New York Daily Times*.

ANECDOTE OF PORPORA AND CAFFARELLI.—Porpora, one of the most illustrious masters of Italy, conceived a friendship for a young *musico*, and took him as his pupil. He asked him whether he thought he should have courage resolutely to follow the track he should point out to him, however tedious it might appear? Upon answering in the affirmative, the master noted down, on a scrap of paper, the diatonic and chromatic scales, both ascending and descending, together with the different intervals, in order to enable him to acquire a good *portamento* and a power of sustaining the sounds; and, after this, a series of shakes, turns, and appoggiatures, and ornaments of various kinds. Upon this piece of paper the master occupied his scholar for the first year: the second came and was employed in the same manner; and when the third arrived there was no talk of any change. The scholar began to murmur; but the master reminded him of his promise. A fourth year passed; a fifth followed, and still the eternal scrap of music-paper. A sixth came; the paper was not laid aside; but to this exercise were joined lessons in articulation, pronunciation, and finally, in declamation. At the termination of this period, the pupil, who still imagined that he had not proceeded beyond the elementary branch of his art, was surprised at hearing his master thus address him—"Go, my son, you have nothing further to learn; you are the first singer of Italy and of the world." The words of Porpora were true, for this singer was Caffarelli.

THE TROUBADOUR AND ENGLISH MINSTREL.—Arnaud Daniel, a troubadour, who made a voyage into England about the year 1240, where, in the court of King Henry the Third, he met a *minstrel*, who challenged him at difficult rhymes. The challenge was accepted, and a considerable wager was laid; and the rival minstrels were shut up in separate chambers of the palace. The king, who appears to have much interested himself in the dispute, allowed them ten days for composing, and five more for learning

to sing their respective pieces; after which each was to exhibit his performance in the presence of his Majesty. The third day, the *English minstrel* announced he was ready. The *troubadour* declared he had not written a line; but that he had tried, and could not as yet put two words together. The following evening, he overheard the *minstrel* practising his song to himself. The next day he had the good fortune to hear the same again, and learned the air and words. At the day appointed, they both appeared before the king. *Arnaud* desired to sing first. The *minstrel*, in a fit of the greatest surprise and astonishment, suddenly cried, "This is my song!" The king said it was impossible. The *minstrel* still insisted upon it; and *Arnaud*, being closely pressed, ingeniously told the whole affair. The king was much entertained with this adventure, ordered the *wager* to be withdrawn, and loaded them with rich presents. But he afterwards obliged *Arnaud* to give a *chanson* of his own composition.

A NEW AMERICAN VOCALIST.—Private letters from Europe speak most highly of the great progress made by Miss May, of Washington City, who has been for two years pursuing a severe course of study with a view to becoming an operatic singer. For several years she received instructions from the best masters in this country, and in Italy she has had the advantage of the best to be found in Naples and Florence. In the latter city she has been taught by Romani, and has enlisted the warm interest of Rossini, the composer, who has frequently given her his valuable counsel in her studies. Having acquired a perfect knowledge of the Italian language, as well as all that her masters can teach her of their art (as they themselves acknowledge), she will probably make her *debut* in one of the European capitals at the next musical season. She has visited Paris, where Meyerbeer, Halévy, and other musical celebrities have expressed the highest admiration of her acquirements, and her remarkable powers of voice.—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

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